

Angry Driving School

TELEVISION PILOT

by

Mike Johnston

Mike.Johnston@me.com

(206) 250-7915

COLD OPEN

INT. BOKOR'S BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wearing a NASCAR hat and a nightshirt, BOKOR (30) scribbles in his "GRATITUDE JOURNAL."

BOKOR (V.O.)

I am grateful for knowing what's really important in life. I am grateful that I broke up with my girlfriend who couldn't keep her goddamn mouth shut to her husband. Mainly, because he's my boss-- Scratch that, ex-boss. And I'm super grateful for the fact that he's a terrible aim-- even though it was a shotgun.

Bounces a pen on his lip.

BOKOR (V.O.)

I am grateful that I was able to patch things up with Abby, my ex. Who, generously let me start staying in her basement for free. Her dark, dank, ant-filled basement. I am grateful when Uncle Billy doesn't hog all the hot water in the morning and doesn't steal my beer outta the fridge at night. Note, I'm now booby-trapping the beer.

Turns the page. Continues writing...

BOKOR (V.O.)

And please, Gratitude Journal, I have no idea if you grant wishes, but in case you do, have Momma return my calls. She's been ghosting me and I really need my NASCAR winnings.

A thought pops into his head--

BOKOR (V.O.)

Oh, and please, please, please let my father live a very, very, very long life... and suffer most of it. :)

END COLD OPEN

ACT I

INT. ABBY'S MODEST MIDDLE-CLASS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

At the breakfast table, Bokor tussles with UNCLE BILLY (40) a pudgy, world-worn lesbian who's tough as bamboo.

Two pairs of hands grapple over a box of cereal. None of them giving up easy. Cereal sprays all over the kitchen.

BOKOR
Gimmie, the box.

UNCLE BILLY
Start payin' rent!

A sweet, demure woman, ABBY (30) enters in a nightgown.

ABBY
Oh, come on you two. It's too early
for this.

Bokor wins. Checks the box.

Nothing but dust left inside.

Disappointed, Abby scans the mess.

UNCLE BILLY
He needs money.

ABBY
(concerned)
You need money, Bokor?

UNCLE BILLY
Baby, when doesn't he need money?

BOKOR
Abby...

UNCLE BILLY
--Here it comes.

BOKOR
Has anyone called the house?

ABBY
No, your mother hasn't called.

BOKOR
It's just I need to make a good-faith
payment on a couple of tickets.

ABBY

Well, is two hundred dollars enough?

Bokor shoots her a wink. Points.

Grabs her purse. Roots through it. Pulls out cash.

UNCLE BILLY

(resigned)

Abs, he's yer ex. You're supposed ta hate him, not loan him money.

ABBY

Oh, Bokor's never gonna pay me back.

He kisses Abby on the cheek. She rolls her eyes.

Uncle Billy clears her throat. Loudly.

BOKOR

(races away)

I'm gonna be late.

ABBY

(sotto)

Not the way you drive.

Uncle Billy hugs her. They watch Bokor out the window.

UNCLE BILLY

He's a dented can, baby. The kind yer supposed ta put back on the shelf.

ABBY

It's okay. He's cursed. He deserves a break or two.

UNCLE BILLY

You know he's stealin' yer car.

ABBY

(through the window)

Bring it back with a full tank!

INT./EXT. ABBY'S LATE MODEL DODGE CHALLENGER - DAY

Bokor's foot STOMPS the accelerator. The 6.2 V8 THUNDERS.

The speedometer needle whips past 80 MPH.

A menacing DODGE CHALLENGER roars through the city of TWAIN, a rock-ribbed conservative community in middle America. Built by two worlds: the haves and the ain't never gonna haves.

Bokor dodges sticky traffic. Slows. HONKS. But the SEDAN in front of him won't get over. He tailgates. Throws a couple more honks. Spots an opening. Climbs gears. Passes the sedan.

BOKOR
Fuck you, Cheese!

Some TRAFFIC PIRATE tries cutting into the following distance in front of Bokor. The Challenger lurches forward, pinching him off. Bokor smiles.

BOKOR
Nice try, loser!

He weaves in front of a VOLVO. Startles the woman inside, HARPER GOODWIN. We'll meet her in a few. She HONKS.

The Challenger BLASTS through (let's call it) an evolving yellow stoplight. Accelerates. Bokor corners HARD onto a one-way. Going the wrong way. FLOORS IT.

Light traffic peels away from Bokor CHARGING at them. He RAILS at the drivers as he waves them left and right.

Overshooting his turn, Bokor locks 'em up. Spins. DRIFTS 270° through the intersection. And ROCKETS down a side street.

MOMMA GOOSE leads an endless stream of GOSLINGS, marching across the street. She pauses. Cackles and flaps her wings at the Challenger SKIDDING to a stop. Anxious, Bokor peers over the nose of the Challenger. Relieved no one was squashed.

The railroad crossing gate drops. The signal bell clangs. Bokor spots a freight train SCREAMING down the tracks. Undeterred, little webbed feet waddle before his wheels of death. Momma Goose stands, defiant.

Bokor checks the clock on the dash. No time to spare. He drops the Challenger into reverse. Checks the train one more time. Very close now. The Challenger cautiously snakes around the gaggle. The train horn SCREAMS. Bokor shifts. Guns it. Momma Goose turns to witness the imminent collision.

The Challenger FISHTAILS through the gates a couple of beats before the train engine BARRELS past. Momma Goose CACKLES.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Bokor passes VENDING MACHINES. Points at HILTON (50) a well-heeled attorney headed his way.

BOKOR
Hilton!

HILTON
Jesus H. You're a mess.

BOKOR
Who we got, Reingold?

HILTON
He's got the flu. --Ya need a comb or something?

BOKOR
Gimme a buck for the vending machine.
I missed breakfast.

Hilton slides a DOLLAR bill into the machine.

HILTON
Are you sure those are even your clothes?

Bokor punches numbers.

Inside, nothing drops.

He STABS buttons. SHAKES the thieving vending machine silly.
Rakes buttons.

BOKOR
Tell me I'm not cursed.

COURTROOM

Hilton leads Bokor down the aisle. Past the gallery. Holds open a small wooden gate for Bokor.

Hilton, the PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, sits at the table next to Bokor's table. Both of them stare straight ahead.

HILTON
Making my job way too easy--

TEENAGE BAILIFF
All rise for the Honorable Rayburn
Darkhaus...

The square-jawed, well-tanned, impeccably groomed JUDGE RAYBURN DARKHAUS (50) isn't even seated before...

BOKOR
Oh, no. Ooooh, no-- You have to recuse yourself.

THE JUDGE
Son, I hand-picked this case the second I saw your name on the docket.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

THE JUDGE

Sit.

Everyone grabs some chair.

Hilton cracks the teensiest smile.

THE JUDGE

Prosecutor, are you laughing?

HILTON

No, Your Honor.

THE JUDGE

Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

THE JUDGE

Now, since I believe we're all well acquainted, let's skip to the really stupid part.

(to Bokor)

I see you're defending yourself again, son. Are you really that stupid?

BOKOR

Fuck you, Dad.

THE JUDGE

Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

BOKOR

I have no money or I'd pay the fines.

HILTON

I can attest to that, Your Honor. I had to loan him a dollar for breakfast.

BOKOR

--That was a gift.

THE JUDGE

Agreed. In fact, it is this court's opinion that you may never make full restitution to the city of Twain for your orgy of traffic violations totaling...

Studies a report.

THE JUDGE

Jesus Christ!

BOKOR

Wait. Now, some of those tickets--

THE JUDGE

Boy, you're an exceptional driver. I used to watch you race the... the--

BOKOR

You haven't seen me race since Soap Box Derby.

THE JUDGE

--NASCAR! As long as that pipe dream lasted. Therefore, Angus Darkhaus, I hereby order you to perform one thousand hours of community service at a local driving school--

BOKOR

Oh, no. You're not dragooning me into the family business.

THE JUDGE

What? Why would I send you to your mother's driving school? You're going to the crummy one -- the something, something Academy on a fool's errand to baby-sit idiots, bottom-of-the-barrel repeat offenders and barely-functional adults.

BOKOR

(to Hilton)

What does community service pay?

HILTON

It doesn't.

BOKOR

(to The Judge)

How am I supposed to pay the fines?!

THE JUDGE

Make arrangements with the court or I'll garnish your wages.

BOKOR

What wages?! Look, can you at least have Momma return my calls?

HILTON

Does Your Honor need me for the rest
of this? I don't do family law.

THE JUDGE

(to Hilton)

Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

THE JUDGE

And you're back in ninety days, and if
I don't hear a glowing report, you're
going to jail!

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM!

THE JUDGE

Next!

BOKOR

God... Damnit!

END OF ACT I

ACT TWO

EXT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - DAY

From the sidewalk, Bokor stares into his future, a ramshackle office building in the worst part of town.

Lifts a court order in his hand, "Report to Twain Safe Driving Academy for instructions on the date..."

Bokor considers the front door. Considers leaving the country under an assumed name. Considers the court order.

INT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

The "MAIN OFFICE" sign hangs at the end of a long hall.

Bokor shuffles forward like it's the Bataan Death March.

He pauses at a classroom door. Through the window: students sleep, cruise phones, steal answers off each other's learning packets. No instructor.

Bokor's confused. Annoyed. Steps another few paces.

Stops at another classroom door.

Sees the same thing inside.

His head ready to explode, Bokor's eye twitches. He can't take it. BUSTS into--

THE CLASSROOM

--As Bokor enters, the chatter stops.

BOKOR

What the hell's wrong with you people?

Butts drop into seats.

Bokor marches upfront.

A cherub-faced student (15), later known as PROM QUEEN...

PROM QUEEN

Uh, are you the teacher?

BOKOR

Hell, no.

Students laugh.

BOKOR

I'm your worst fucking nightmare!

Silence.

BOKOR

Ah, I'm just fuckin' with you. But lemme tell you, when I walked by and saw what was going on it in here, it pissed me off! This is driving school, man! And I mean nothing-- Absolutely nothing is better than driving.

Points to a spindly high school nerd (15), DORKO.

BOKOR

You, Dorko. Yeah-you. Let's be honest, I'm never gonna learn any of your names, so you're now Dorko. Ever imagined dating a real girl?

DORKO

(slow)

Sure. Yeah. Jeez, I guess so.

BOKOR

Atta-boy-- And it wasn't an essay question by the way. Well, you're gonna need a car so you can... drive.

(points)

Yo, Prom Queen. You want your mom to keep dropping you off at cheer practice in the minivan with your little brother making--

PROM QUEEN

Stop! You had me at Mom.

BOKOR

Driving folks! It gives you freedom. It makes you look cool. This is the most important goddam test of your life! TikTok, whaddaya in for?

An introverted hundred-pound high school student (15) stands. Forevermore known as TIKTOK.

BOKOR

Do I look like a nun? Do not stand.

TIKTOK

I guess I wanna pass my driver's test?

Bokor pumps his fist in the air.

BOKOR

TikTok wants to pass! Good answer. How 'bout you, Jocko?

JOCKO's an athletic young man (17) in a football jersey.

JOCKO

Aw, bro, I dunno. It's, like, four bullshit speeding tickets, I guess?

BOKOR

Four? Lemme know when ya break triple digits. That reminds me of my very first ticket: It was this whole thing.

From the hallway, the actual instructor ELTON (65) presses his nose to the back door window. Bespectacled and bowtied, he's a full-blown neurotic. Watches Bokor. Shocked. Confused.

STAFF BREAK ROOM

A dirty squirrel in jeans and a hoodie, TUCKER (40) stretches into a threadbare terry cloth robe. Helps himself to a bag of EDIBLE GUMMIES in front of a perma-student, GOOCH (19).

Elton blows into the break room.

Instantly alert, Gooch hides his mug under the table.

ELTON

Well, it's happening...

TUCKER

What now?

Steals a sip from his coffee cup.

Elton stink-eyes Tucker, then Gooch...

ELTON

Tucker, are you drinking with a student?

TUCKER

What? Gooch ain't no student-- He's an institution-- practically family.

GOOCH

(chewing a gummy)
Been here longer than Tucker.

ELTON

Well, I'll have you know, we're all being replaced.

TUCKER
Fired?

Elton nods.

TUCKER
Again?

ELTON
There's a strange man in there
teaching my class this very instant.

GOOCH
About time. This place sucks.

TUCKER
Enough honesty for one day, Goocher.
Well, fellas, we've had a good run.

Fishes a hidden bottle of bourbon out of the garbage can.
Raises it to the fluorescent lights overhead. Shakes the last
couple of drops into this coffee cup.

Elton snatches the bag of Gummies.

ELTON
No. We need to fight this.

TUCKER
You're right. I'm unemployable.

ELTON
And I'm too old to learn a new skill.

GOOCH
Does he party?

TUCKER
I wouldn't eat those.

Elton spikes the bag of Gummies on the table.

A mousy instructor with puppy dog eyes, ANGEL (20) enters.
He's as brainless as a balloon animal.

ANGEL
(chipper)
Hey, what's going on guys?

ELTON
We're all getting canned. That's what.

ANGEL

Oh, Jeez. You don't think... I was told I could look up the answers in the back of the book.

TUCKER

Or maybe... Elton's the only one being canned, because, you know, he's Elton.

GOOCH

Good point. But really?

ANGEL

(to Gooch)

Didn't I pass you, like, twice?

TUCKER

We all passed Gooch here at one time or another. He just keeps coming back.

Clinks cups with Tucker.

TUCKER

Angel, we need facts, details, hard evidence; not Elton's psychotic delusions. God knows how much Clonazepam he's eaten today.

Angel spies rogue Gummies on the table.

Pops them in his mouth--

ELTON

Oh, Dear Lord--

TUCKER

Don't eat that!

Panicked, Angel spits them out. Rakes his tongue with his hands. Searches for a drink. Gulps from Tucker's cup.

SPRAYS a mouth full of bourbon.

ELTON

You know better than to drink out of Tucker's cup...

ANGEL

(cries in pain)

Oh, mommy. It burns.

ELTON

... Or expose it to an open flame.

TUCKER

Okay, Pearl's always got the straight poop on this stuff. Angel, find Pearl.

ANGEL

But isn't everyone afraid of Pearl?

ELTON

Of course.

TUCKER

Hell, no.

TUCKER

Elton, you go snoop around Harper's office-- Dig up some incriminating evidence. This is gonna take more than my charm and leading man jawline.

ELTON

Tucker, you're useless.

TUCKER

Funny, my children say the same thing.

EMPTY HALLWAY

Terrified, Angel peeks around the corner. Spots...

PEARL (25)

... An Asian Queen of the Undead vibe going on. Bootleg chic. Diminutive. Threatening.

Angel creeps toward her.

Pearl reaches for a door handle. Freezes.

Eyes crinkled, she turns. Leers at Angel.

He reels. Falls on his back.

Crab crawls outta sight around the corner.

With his shoulders to the wall, Angel slides into a standing position. Cries a little. Musters his strength.

Sweeps around the corner-- Right into PEARL.

PEARL

What're ya doing, meat bag?

ANGEL

(dubious)
Hi, Pearl--

PEARL

You creeping me?

ANGEL

I... I don't know what that means.

PEARL

I smell fear all over you.

ANGEL

I'm, I'm not afraid of you, Pearl.

PEARL

Really?

ANGEL

I've always liked you, Pearl-- Please don't hurt me.

PEARL

Oh, Angel. I would never hurt you-- Unless you wanted me to. Tell me...

Looks him up and down. Hungry.

Wraps a strand of hair around her finger.

PEARL

(purrs)

You like what you see?

ANGEL

Pearl, you should know something--

PEARL

Yeah, I already know.

ANGEL

You do? Oh, good.

PEARL

I have eyes. You're obviously as fragile as a circus peanut--

ANGEL

No, you don't understand--

PEARL

Trust me, I've made it work with less.

Pearl steps dangerously close.

ANGEL

Pearl, something's happening.

PEARL

Yes, it's happening to me too. The smell of fear. I find it intoxicating.

ANGEL

We're all about to lose our jobs.

She snaps out of it. Reassesses everything.

PEARL

Oh! Well... Then, we need to prep.

ANGEL

Prep?

PEARL

Workplace murder-suicides don't plan themselves.

HARPER'S OFFICE

The effervescent owner, Pollyanna-- strike that, HARPER GOODWIN (30) meets with DEACON (35) her trusted lieutenant. He's intimidating. Yoked.

HARPER

What happened to my desk?

Her desk is perfectly organized.

KINSLEY (22) Harper's geek-chic intern hovers.

KINSLEY

I organized it?

HARPER

Kinsley dear, you should know by now I thrive in chaos.

Kinsley hands her a folder. Then coffee.

HARPER

(re: a coffee sweetener)
Did you do the little shake... with the...

KINSLEY

Perfect proportions of each.

HARPER

You're so awesome. Isn't she awesome?

Begrudgingly, Deacon nods.

Harper opens the folder.

HARPER

(queasy)

Deacon, these are the worst test numbers I've ever seen.

DEACON

(points to a column)

Come on now, they outscored this group.

HARPER

Those are the absentees. Aren't there different numbers we can use?

DEACON

We gonna lose our accreditation.

HARPER

(whines)

Oh, man.

Incensed, Elton pokes his head around the doorway.

ELTON

Miss Goodwin?

HARPER

Elton?

ELTON

Is there something I should know?

HARPER

Permission to not speak in riddles.

ELTON

Have I been let go?

HARPER

Why would anyone ever fire you, Elton? You're a gift to learning.

(aside to Deacon)

What were his test scores?

ELTON

Then, pray tell, who's teaching my class?

HARPER

Aw, fiddlesticks.

CLASSROOM

DORKO

So what's with the learning packets?

BOKOR
You gotta learn 'em for the written.

JOCKO
You, like, know everything in there?

PROM QUEEN
Seriously? Of course he knows
everything in there. He's the teacher--
They give him the answers.

BOKOR
Actually, I know everything in there
because I've been charged with
everything in there.

Students laugh.

DORKO
(reading from the packet)
Okay, how far over the speed limit
before you're charged with a felony?

BOKOR
Pww! That's easy, thirty over the
posted speed or if you're endangering
public or private property, or you're
endangering someone's life, at the
discretion of the arresting officer.

PROM QUEEN
Wait, you never really answered my
question. Are you really the teacher?

Harper enters, backed by Deacon and Elton.

HARPER
--Absolutely not. He is not. What's
going on here?

BOKOR
Technically, I'm being held here
against my will by the state.

HARPER
I am very disappointed in you. You
were instructed to report directly to
my office. Now, go on you-- Git.

As he's being escorted away by Deacon...

BOKOR
I believe in you guys. Ace those
packets!

TikTok stands. Addresses the room...

TIKTOK

I like this class.

HARPER'S OFFICE

Cut like Mr. Olympia, Deacon guards the door. Folds his arms.

Bokor rifles through papers on Harper's desk, testing her limitless optimism and her authority.

BOKOR

Look, the court ordered me to teach driving school. I'm gonna do it the way I want--

HARPER

(grabs her papers back)
So you shanghaied one of my classes?

BOKOR

I've been here less than an hour and I can already tell why you guys suck.

HARPER

Please, don't sugarcoat it.
(desperate)
I mean please, really, don't sugarcoat it. We're about to lose our accreditation and then it's all over.

BOKOR

Better yet, I'll show you. Let's get 'em out on the track.

HARPER

We don't have a track. We have streets.

BOKOR

You say potato... Look, I'm an ex-NASCAR driver-- I feel like I know a thing or two about driving.

HARPER

(to Deacon)
I know on the surface this sounds like a terrible idea, but as soon as they finish their packets...

Deacon sharpens up. Lifts an eyebrow.

HARPER
 What? It can't be any worse.
 (to Bokor)
 Take Deke with you.

DEACON
 I ain't for sure yet, but there's
 something I don't like about him.

BOKOR
 I'm cursed.

DEACON
 Does it for me.

HARPER
 You're what?

BOKOR
 I'm cursed. It's real. It's a real
 curse. I'm not kidding, I'm cursed.

HARPER
 Are you trying to talk me out of it?
 Because I'm desperate-- Don't make me
 beg, because I will.

A shuffled version of The Breakfast Club enters.

PROM QUEEN
 We. Are. Finished.

HARPER
 Oh, please don't make me beg you too.

DORKO
 ... With the learning packets.

HARPER
 You're done? Done-done? That's weird.
 Because it only took...

The students smile.

Harper beams at Bokor. Her savior.

BOKOR
 Dorko, Jocko, Prom Queen and you too
 TikTok-- You're in this jackpot.

HARPER
 And Deacon. Non-negotiable.

INT./EXT. OFFICIAL STUDENT DRIVER SUV - DAY

The SUV paces traffic.

Dorko on the wheel. Bokor shotgun.

Deacon rides in back with Prom Queen, Jocko and TikTok.

DEACON

This is a good speed, son. You're doing fine.

BOKOR

You're fuckin' up, Dorko. No one drives like this. Faster.

DEACON

Absolutely not--

BOKOR

Drive like your boss is about to fire you and your twenty minutes late. That's how real people drive.

Dorko CLIMBS on the accelerator.

The G-force SNAPS everyone back into their seat.

DEACON

WhoooO000oooo!

The SUV SCREAMS down the street.

BOKOR

Here comes traffic. Whadda ya do?

DORKO

Whaddo I do?!

BOKOR

Evasive!

They weave through less time-sensitive drivers. Tires WAIL.

Deacon braces himself in the backseat.

DEACON

Stop the car-- Stop the car!

BOKOR

Here comes the intersection. Whadda ya do if the light changes yellow?

DEACON

You slow down.

BOKOR
 (to Deacon)
 Rookie move.

DORKO
 What am I supposed to do?

The STOPLIGHT blinks yellow.

BOKOR
 There it is!

Dorko lets off the gas. Horns BLAST from all directions.

BOKOR
 Ride or die, Dorko!

DORKO
 What the corn nuts does that mean!

Panics.

FLOORS IT.

The SUV ROARS through the light unscathed. More horns.

BOKOR
 Okay, pull it over.

DEACON
 Do you two realize just how crazy
 dangerous that was?

BOKOR
 Yeah, what were you thinking? Never
 show weakness in traffic. You'll get
 us all killed.

DEACON
 And you, we're trying to teach 'em the
 right way to drive out here.

BOKOR
 I'm trying to teach 'em how to survive
 out here.
 (to Prom Queen)
 And just what the hell are you doing?

PROM QUEEN
 (phone in her hand)
 Uhhh, group chat?

BOKOR

That's for sure dangerous. Everyone gimme your phones. Dorko, you're done flexing. Who wants the whip?

MOMENTS LATER

Sweating bullets, Jocko drives.

BOKOR

Watch out--

JOCKO

For what?

BOKOR

Him--!

JOCKO

Who?!

A MINI COOPER sweeps in front of the SUV.

BOKOR

Dammit!

DEACON

What just happened?

JOCKO

Hell if I know.

BOKOR

Always, always, always protect your following distance. Your one job is to make sure no one gets in front of you.

DEACON

That's it-- Stop the vehicle! Go on, now. Right here.

The SUV glides to a stop.

BOKOR

Jocko, you were good... infrequently. TikTok, welcome to Thunderdome.

DEACON

No, I'm driving.

PROM QUEEN

You're jacking TikTok out of his turn?

Bokor eyes Jocko, then TikTok. They all nod. TikTok bolts out of the SUV. Jocko tumbles into the backseat.

Bokor hits the power DOOR LOCKS. Traps Deacon.

DEACON
You're kidnapping me?

BOKOR
Well, if ya wanna be a Boy Scout about
it. Who else is having an amazing day?

TikTok scrambles behind the wheel.

His sleeve slips down. Exposes his right forearm. BRUISES.

Bokor notices--

Before TikTok pulls up his sleeve...

BOKOR
First, lemme check yer permit.

TikTok surrenders his wallet.

The SUV enters traffic.

Intently, Bokor studies the address on the permit.

Deacon bangs around like a steer trapped in a competition
bull riding chute.

DEACON
They're gonna fire your ass, and then
I'm gonna beat you like your daddy
beat the milkman after your brother
was born.

BOKOR
Deke, keep it down, I'm working here.
(to TikTok)
So, tell us about your father.

TIKTOK
Wha--?

BOKOR
Is he left-handed? You know, when you
play catch.

TIKTOK
Yeah. Yeah, pretty sure.

DEACON
--I'm callin' Harper.

Dials his mobile phone.

BOKOR

Mmm-hm. Take a left up here. (beat)
What's he do for a living?

TIKTOK

Outta work, I guess.

BOKOR

You live around here, don't you? Take
a left at the next light. Use your
turn signal.

TikTok's sleeve slips again.

Deacon spots the bruises.

Bokor's and Deacon's eyes trade unpleasantries.

Bokor's eye twitches.

DEACON

(presses END on his phone)
We ain't gettin' involved.

BOKOR

That's exactly why you're failing--
You don't get involved. When's the
last time you gave a shit about any
one of these kids? Or anything? Or you
just goin' along for the ride?

Deacon stews in his own juices.

BOKOR

(points)
Is that where you live?

TIKTOK

No.

BOKOR

And I can tell you a thing or two
about bullies and fucked-up fathers.
Those are defensive wounds.

TIKTOK

No, that's not what's going on. I-I
fell down, the other day. It was an
accident-- I swear.

BOKOR

Stop the car. Stop the goddamn car!

The SUV stops.

DEACON

Do not leave this vehicle, Bokor.

Deacon and the students watch Bokor march away.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

A DUMP TRUCK OF A MAN sits on Bokor's chest. He's winded. Swings away. Pulls a breath. Gives him another haymaker.

BOKOR

Help-- Little help. I think I just swallowed a tooth. I'm sure it's mine.

INSIDE THE SUV

PROM QUEEN

Excuse me, but are ya gonna help him?

DEACON

Yeah, eventually.

TIKTOK

That's not my father.

DEACON

What?

TIKTOK

I live across the street.

FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Deacon, Jocko and Dorko move in.

DEACON

Alright, you're done.

Exhausted, Dump Truck Man rolls off of Bokor. Pants.

BOKOR

And if ya don't leave your son alone,
(a gurgling sound) I'm coming back.

TIKTOK'S DRIVEWAY

TikTok's FATHER (35) watches the melee. He's thin. Paunchy.

TikTok is furious with his father for possibly the first time in his life. Crosses the street with purpose.

TIKTOK

What the fuck, Dad? You see what you did? I fucking hate you!

FRONT YARD

BOKOR
(spits blood)
What's going on?

DEACON
That's his father.

BOKOR
(tired-- drops his head)
Oh, son of a bitch.

TIKTOK'S DRIVEWAY

Bokor stumbles into the street. Collapses. Drags to his feet.

FATHER
Who the fuck are--

BAM. With one punch, he knocks out TikTok's father.

BOKOR
And don't make me come back, because I
will... After I heal.
(to everyone)
I'm driving. Non-negotiable.

INT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - HARPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kinsley checks the outside window.

Harper types a memo at her computer monitor.

KINSLEY
If he's this late, he's already quit.

Bokor enters. A whipped dog. Black eye, swollen lip and all.

HARPER
(giddy)
Oh, there he is. So...

BOKOR
So what?

HARPER
(swings at air)
So what was it like hearing the bones
break in that stupid little creep's
stupid little face?

BOKOR
I thought I was in trouble.

HARPER

Ha! You are in so much trouble. But on the sunny side, I think the students are erecting a shrine in your honor.

BOKOR

So you're not firing me?

HARPER

Oh, you are so totally fired. So says every city and state official, and most of Twitter.

BOKOR

Alright, I know the drill. I've been fired off plenty of teams before.

KINSLEY

We're not a team. We're a school.

BOKOR

Seems like that's your problem.

Harper considers his point.

BOKOR

(turns for the door)
'Scuse me--

HARPER

Wait. I got this for you.

Hands him a SAINT CHRISTOPHER MEDALLION on a chain.

HARPER

So there's no hard feelings and you know there is no curse. You're just a good man who's trying waaaay too hard.

Extends her hand. They shake.

HARPER

Thank you. And good luck.

END ACT II

ACT III

EXT. THE DIGBY RIDING STABLES - DAY

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (25) in full equestrian riding apparel trots toward us on a well-groomed AMERICAN QUARTER HORSE.

Title, "ONE WEEK LATER"

BOKOR (O.S.)
 Momma. Hey, Momma!

Atop her own steed, Cajun aristocracy and Bokor's mother, ABIGAIL DIGBY DARKHAUS (60) appears behind the other horse. The Attractive Woman rides away.

ABIGAIL
 You know nothing happens in my town
 without us hearin' about it every
 which way, true-dat. Some kinda
 record, bein' fired in a day.

Hands her helmet to an attractive STABLE HAND. Bokor offers to help her dismount. Abigail waves him off, allowing the Stable Hand to lower her down. The Stable Hand reaches for her RIDING CROP. She ain't giving up her favorite toy.

BOKOR
 Momma, I need my money. And while I'm
 here, can you get Dad off my back?

ABIGAIL
 Do ya better. Got ya a job. Bought the
 last driving school I ain't already
 got. The somethin', somethin' Academy.

BOKOR
 The one I was just fired from? I'd
 prefer cash.

ABIGAIL
 I'd prefer gratitude but we all have
 ta live with our li'l disappointments.

BOKOR
 I'm talking about the money I earned
 driving for you-- Money you owe me.

ABIGAIL
 Ya have any concept of how many cars
 you wrecked, driving all crazy like
 that? Any idea how much uh brand new
 NASCAR racin' car costs?

BOKOR

I see what this is. You just wanna keep me under your thumb so you can keep toying with me like you do Dad. Like you do everyone else in town!

She lashes him with the riding crop.

ABIGAIL

Oh, why you always so dramatic? We know driving school is a tall tumble from the Daytona 500, but you sure as hell ain't Richard Petty -- the king! No disappoints there--

BOKOR

Do not say the king of my bedroom one more time or I will call my therapist and she'll yell at both of us again.

ABIGAIL

Good! Then we're settled and squared--

BOKOR

Nothing's settled until I say it's settled. I am not working in the family business and you can't make me.

ABIGAIL

Oh, Angus, don't be a pill.

AUDIO PRE-LAP: A gavel repeatedly BANGS.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Bokor, Hilton and The Judge in their familiar positions.

BOKOR

But I can explain--

THE JUDGE

What's to explain? It was a disaster. Therefore, you, Angus Darkhaus, are hereby banned from ever teaching -- so much as a ukulele lesson -- to anyone, anywhere, in perpetuity, etc., etc.

Raises the gavel--

BOKOR

But I was pretty good at it.

THE JUDGE

I have no doubt--

BOKOR
Damn good at it.

THE JUDGE
Fair enough, I admit it. You did good.
--And I never thought words like that
would ever cross my lips.

Lifts a report.

THE JUDGE
According to this, every student
passed their final exam on the very
first try. The school has a hundred
percent pass rate for the first time
since... in well, ever.

HILTON
You did good, Bokor.

Something lights in Bokor's eyes. He drifts into a fog.
Speechless as everything around him continues at half volume.

The Judge shreds the report.

THE JUDGE
But it doesn't supersede the fact that
Twain is probably gonna be sued as a
result of your actions!

HILTON
But, Your Honor, the city isn't liable
for a private driving school. That
doesn't make any sense.

THE JUDGE
Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

HILTON
For what?

THE JUDGE
Arguing for the defense. You're
ruining this for me.

Everything back at full volume, Bokor re-engages.

BOKOR
--I wanna go back!

HILTON
But I thought you hated it there?

BOKOR

I won't abandon my team.

THE JUDGE

Well, you can't because I just legally banned you, like, ten seconds ago.

HILTON

You didn't actually bang the--

The Judge POUNDS his gavel. BAM!

THE JUDGE

Been waiting all morning for this next part. Angus Darkhaus, I offer you the choice of paying the fines -- which we know you cannot do, going to prison for no less than one year or cleaning toilets at the courthouse for the rest of your natural life.

BOKOR

I finally find something I'm good at--

THE JUDGE

I do sooooo love my job.

BOKOR

I'm going back and you can't stop me.

THE JUDGE

Son, I already did the thingie with the gavel. It's done.

BOKOR

Then square it with Momma!

The Judge's eyes are overwhelmed with fear.

THE JUDGE

Who?

BOKOR

Momma. Your wife. Satan's tapeworm. You know, Momma.

THE JUDGE

Why are we dragging your mother into all this? What did she say? Did she say something about me?

Bokor POUNDS his fist on the table.

BOKOR

Next!

The courtroom stirs.

THE JUDGE

I am going to speak to your mother
about this. This isn't over, you hear
me? You're in contempt, Bokor. Bokor!

HILTON

(overlapping)
Congratulations, I think.

Furiously, Bokor scribbles in a notepad.

HILTON

What's that?

BOKOR

I keep a gratitude journal.

END ACT III

TAG

EXT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - DAY

BOKOR (V.O.)
I have conditions.

HARPER (V.O.)
As do I.

INT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - HARPER'S OFFICE - DAY

BOKOR
Such as...

HARPER
I'll inform you as they come up.

BOKOR
You're a strange woman, Harper
Goodwin.

HARPER
Thank you for noticing.

BOKOR
That you're strange or you're a woman?

HARPER
(upbeat)
Yes.

They trade smiles.

Bokor fishes the Saint Christopher medallion out of his pocket. Drops it around his neck.

BOKOR
If we're doing this, we're doing it my
way.

HARPER
Abso-rootin' tootly.

Behind her back, Harper's fingers are crossed.

STAFF BREAK ROOM

Pensive, the instructors anticipate bad news.

TUCKER

It's a mass firing, Pearl. Not a mass murder.

PEARL

Not if they try and fire me.

HARPER

(enters with Bokor)
Oh, you two. No one's getting fired.

PEARL

What?! I sharpened all these for nothing?

Opens her trench coat, reveals a belt filled with KNIVES.

Everyone recoils. Except for the one person on a roll...

HARPER

We're saving the academy! With our new secret weapon. Guys meet Bokor. Our newest instructor.

BOKOR

(to everyone)
No, I'm in charge.

HARPER

--In charge of giving me ideas.

BOKOR

In charge of the school.

HARPER

--In charge of giving me ideas about the school.

BOKOR

To make changes.

HARPER

--If he runs 'em by me first.

BOKOR

We're co-managing.

HARPER

--But I have final say.

DEACON

(mutters to Elton)
Huh, this loser thinks he can turn 'round his own pathetic, loser life by saving these kids--

BOKOR
I heard that.

DEACON
I know.

ELTON
Well, who's supposed to be saving me?
I'm the one who's trapped here.

BOKOR
(to Deacon)
The first thing we're gonna do is
start giving a shit...

TUCKER
--Oh, good. He comes with jokes.

BOKOR
... And then teach these kids the
single greatest skill in the universe,
one that they will literally use the
rest of their lives.

ANGEL
Typing?

TUCKER
(disagreeing with Angel)
How to beat a urine test.

HARPER
(to Bokor)
Preach, brother!

BOKOR
And we're all gonna do it as a team.

Bokor extends his hand. Harper and Kinsley hand stack with him. With a grin, Bokor urges everyone to join him.

The instructors drift away.

HARPER
Nice try but it's gonna take more than
words, my friend. Believe me, I've
thrown actual dictionaries at 'em.

BOKOR
But that was some of my best stuff.

HARPER
The good news: There is no curse. Did
you notice no one exploded into
flames? See, silly, there is no curse.

PEARL
(walking away)
I'd sell blood to see that movie. Not
my blood, of course.

BOKOR
Honestly, I dunno how the curse works.

HARPER
Hold on a tick. Has something like
that actually happened before?

BOKOR
How flexible is your definition of the
word something?

HARPER
Bokor, if a student, or anyone else
spontaneously combusts at my academy--

BOKOR
Our academy.

HARPER
... I will hold you personally
responsible.

BOKOR
Oh, yeah. Because that'll teach me.

Off of Harper's concerned face...

BOKOR
Wait. You're serious about that?

END OF SHOW